

# MORNING APPEAL.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1877

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

It is parlor easy to give advice! it is vastly cheaper and easier to criticise and find fault and preach than to work, execute and accomplish. The Master found all this out (as he did everything else), ever so long ago. Do you mind, Oh Constant Reader, the words he puts in fair Portia's mouth? "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do," says she to her maid, "chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces;" and she adds, "It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching." As the song says, So say we all of us. But thoughts travel with tremendous speed. They get so much impetus, at times, that nothing seems to stay their progress and out they come spite of all precautions or question of fitness of occasion. Now it is hard to keep from calling attention to some of our incongruities; as it is hard to dismount from a hobby horse, once we mount him. It would be an unpardonable offense to talk of the parents and guardians, teachers and trustees who have charge and direction of the school-going children of this vicinage otherwise than as so many christian people. Even non-professors have a holy horror of paganism; and this Querist would be calling things out of their proper name if he should charge heathenism upon his constituency. And yet, look at one phase of this schooling process of ours. There are five days in the week devoted to school attendance. Five times six is thirty (if that's "good grammar"). That is to say, each child who attends the public school devotes six hours a day for five consecutive days to the stuffing of its head with reading, writing and arithmetic. Then comes Saturday, which is a holiday, and then comes Sunday. The so-called Christian Sabbath being come, these children who have been spending six hours a day in learning the ways of this profane world as they are expressed in spellingbooks, arithmetics and grammars, are painfully dressed in their best, and when the hour comes, are sent to Sunday School. And they stay there one whole hour! That is one hour a week for their souls to thirty for their minds and bodies. Is that a fair proportion? Mind we are decidedly opposed to the Bible in the public schools or God in the Constitution. We are opposed to the consolidating of Church and State or legislating a creed into anybody. Let's be free to believe what we like. But is this thirty to one a fair deal? To be more practical or, rather, to be nearer what we are in earnest about, why not assimilate the public school system to that of the Sunday schools, as to the time spent in confinement? And then, why not have some public school libraries? Is not the present fashion too hard, too unattractive, too rigorous, too much of the all work and no play order of things? It will be seen that we hang on to one of our hobbies with a most pertinacious sitting. The more we think of the present school system the more we see in it that is crude and ugly and repellent. Somebody will come one of these days, who will reconstruct the whole works; and at first he will be cursed by the fogies; while at length he will be an object of adoration and blessing by the little folk. Among the first things that this good revolutionist will do will be to cut down the hours of attendance, and then lessen, by three fourths, the number of simultaneous studies. And this Querist means to herald the way of this Benefactor (with a great big B), and prepare the Constant Reader for his coming. . . . Tho' a good deal has already been said and sung and written about the glories of Autumn in general and October in particular, much remains to be said and many things already said may well be repeated. In the first place, how much more cosy and homely seems the morning meal when the breakfast table is set opposite a cheerful fire—how much more cosy than in August, of a hot day, we mean. Says Leigh Hunt: "The utility, as well as as beauty, of the fire during breakfast, need not be pointed out to the most unphilosophic observer." And then the evening meal, whether it be fashionable dinner or unfashionable tea—how much more like a satisfying feast it is accompanied by the genial glare of the well trimmed lamps; how much heartier is the cheer; how the company warms to the true sentiment of the occasion. Your true October evening sees pater familias in his dressing gown and slippers; hears the singing of pleasant ballads of the olden time, at the piano; acknowledges an appetite for the well-thumbed volumes of the book-case, and listens with sympathy to the purring of the house-cat on the fire-place rug. Comfort is the word; the comfort of peace, of tranquility, of the home-circle, of that domesticity which is to be valued above all the excitements and pleasures of promiscuous association; above all that which is ambitious and difficult of access; above all that we care to perpetuate and cherish among our household gods. Indeed there are solid and enduring pleasures a long way this side of the places where Fame sits in cold severity, and notoriety apes the illustrious and the immortal. . . . This is a picknicking and horn-blowing and gun-shooting day and generation. "Yon lurid sun" seems never to rise now-a-days but it lights up the line of march of some company of junketers; and

even funerals are blared and tooted through an endless tortuosity of brass. There are more marksmen than guns; and burning gunpowder sends up its pungent odors like excommunicated and heathenish incense, morning noon and night. Even yesterday a company of raw militia came like a profanation among the rich-hued leaves, assailing the air with their noise of drum and trumpet and distressing one's nerves with an endless popping of crude marksmanship. Creedmoor has begotten nuisances after its own kind: and the mild insanity of the base-ball era is succeeded by a delirium of breech-loaders, long ranges and Soldiers of Marathon. . . . Does anybody any more believe what he reads in the newspapers? (The MORNING APPEAL is not a news paper; it is The Breakfasters' Companion). If anybody ever did believe what the newspapers said, how shall they, from this time henceforth, continue to believe? Look at the Pen and Scissors man of the Enterprise. He says, without any sort of hesitation or equivocation that this Querist is going to write a novel; and then he misappropriates one of our unguarded parentheses and introduces it as an opening chapter. What ought to be done with a pensman and scissorist of that loose sort of construction? To be sure this Querist "toyed in the amber moonlight" with the whimsey of a possible Society Novel one of these strange, breezy days, but he distinctly disavowed any prospectus or promise to that effect. If we could surprise this romance-reading world with something in the way of a moral fiction (which might or might not mean a gilt-edged, sugar-coated lie), there is no knowing but we might be tempted; but for a man with a paste pot in one hand and a pair of shears in the other, to say that we are committed to the fabrication of a real, full-rigged novel, is too much. At all events, if we do do such a thing, old P. and S. shall be served up to the delectation of this wide-eyed world with all his mucklage upon him and the implement of his trade fastened immovably to his thumb and finger. Has anybody ever described a scissorizer in a novel, we wonder? Why not show him to the reading public in his character of a journalistic Macbeth whose falchion is a pair of shears; whose blasted heath is a wild wilderness of punctured exchanges; whose secret, black and midnight hags are the Devil himself, and who has deliberately and professionally "murdered sleep." We see him at his stabbing work! He sits alone. Upon his brow squats haggard care—haggard but green—a green shade, in fact, shading restless and relentless eyes. Mark the harsh "swish" of his shears as they slash through the helpless paper of doomed exchanges. Mind the reckless handling of that ominous paste brush. See him demolish a pet sentence and immortalize a typographical error or a grammatical monstrosity. Oh! but he is a demon, a tyrant, a doomsman and a fame-maker. It is he who may launch one's little shallop upon the tides and channels of journalism, never to cease sailing on and on into the shoreless ocean of newspaper life, as broad as christendom and as imperishable as the sea itself. We think we will dot him down for a place, this man who makes and mars men's fame and fortune and who slashes where he will and pastes where his own sweet fancy leads him.

## NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS.

This popular troupe gave its last performance, at least for a while, at the Carson theatre last evening. The entertainment passed off to the satisfaction of all who attended. Had it not been for the inclemency of the weather, the house would have been packed. This combination of burnt cork artists possess true merit. They perform at Reno during the Fair week.

ALL QUIET.—The late complications among the several Chinese companies in this city promised at one time to terminate in a regular barbarian war. It was feared that midnight assassinations and other acts of a similar heathenish nature would not be of infrequent occurrence, but all our expectations in that respect have come to naught. At last accounts the different companies meet at each others festive boards and hob nob in the latest approved and civilized diplomatic style. A walk through the highly perfumed precincts of China town will satisfy one that the essence of peace and tranquility prevails there. This may only be on the surface. It may be the calm before the storm breaks out in all its fury, and knocks things in China town galley west.

Parson Kelly, the erudite State Superintendent of Public Instruction, leaves this morning on the stage for an extended official trip in the Southern part of this State, interviewing school marins and sich. We recommend him—well, but—we cant conscientiously do it.

M. E. CHURCH.—J. D. Hammond, Pastor. Services to-day at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sabbath school at 2 P. M. Seats free, and all are welcome. Subject of discourse: Morning, "Contracts." Special song service in the evening.

In the vestibule of the Mint are stored 121 boxes of dimes and quarters, valued at \$242,000, awaiting transportation. Well guarded.

His excellency Governor Bradley, is in the city, shaking the hands of all his sons and daughters.

## THE VERACITY OF SOME REPORTERS

A few days ago the Virginia Chronicle related a tale of how Mr. H. J. Sargent, the manager of the New Orleans Minstrels, was arrested on suspicion of being a cigar drummer without a license. The fact of the story is this, Mr. Sargent sports some very fine, sure enough jewelry, and Sam Davis of the Chronicle and Loomis of the Enterprise, hankered after the aforesaid jewels, and they put their depraved heads together to contrive some scheme whereby they might become possessed of the coveted valuables. So about dusk one evening they procured a couple of tin stars, and disguising themselves, assumed the roll of policemen and being, familiar with Mr. Sargent's time for leaving the hotel where he stopped, they pounced upon the gentleman as he stepped out of the door, and told him they had a warrant for his arrest, on charge of soliciting orders for goods without a license. Mr. Sargent expostulated with the self constituted policemen and told them who he was, but that availed him nothing. They took him to an out of the way place, and after they were out of ear shot of every living being, they requested him to fork over his pretty things; but fortunately Mr. Sargent left them at home. Having satisfied themselves of that fact, the two men left Mr. Sargent and scampered off to their respective offices, cursing their luck. It was a fortunate thing for both the Chronicle and Enterprise, that Mr. Sargent was so prudent, or those papers might have lost the services of two of their most efficient aids. That's the story. Now, Sam, go and buy a hatchet.

BROODING.—Two brass bands in town yesterday. One belonging to the Washington Guard, playing John P. Meder's "Don't make a Noise" composition; the other of the New Orleans Minstrels, tooting "The Branigan Guards." Both of the bands played well, and had a great tendency to soothe the savage feeling which arises in the breast of every mercurial mortal during such heathenish weather as we are having now. What a celestial buoyancy good music is productive of—and what a feeling of plutonic meanness such weather as this will give birth to in the breast of the gentlest nature.

STOCKS.—The market is in keeping with the weather. There is a depression all around. No new developments in the mines have of late been made public, and the consequence is that the prices are gradually falling back to the figures of previous months. The excitability of small purchasers has died out: idle and unfounded rumors about strikes, which are not made, do not set the people wild as in the days of yore. There is no use trying to make the people believe that a market can be created without meritorious developments. It can't be done.

FROM GENOA.—Mr. John H. Davis, Postmaster at Genoa, is still very low. He is in full possession of his mental faculties, but has lost the use of his speech. His right side is completely paralyzed. It is a most difficult matter to understand his wants. Mr. Davis is lying in a very precarious state, but his medical attendants do not believe that all the remedies for his recovery have been exhausted.

POWERS' EXCHANGE.—Mr. E. J. Powers, who is one of the most deservedly popular saloon keepers in this State, has just reopened Winston's Exchange. The many visitors there last evening show that it has not lost any of its popularity. It is a first class house and deserves its liberal patronage. Fred Rathbone has his headquarters there, behind the counter, as before the closing.

A report is in circulation that Tip Orndorff, well known in Virginia and here, was one of the robbers who got away, for a time, with so much plunder from a Union Pacific Railroad train, a few weeks ago, and that he was shot and killed by detectives. This rumor is discredited by those who are well acquainted with Orndorff. He was a professional sport, but generally recognized as an honorable man.

Old hoary winter has been threatening to swoop down upon us with all his might and force for the past forty eight hours, but the Old Man seems a little timid: he is afraid that a too early advent of his frosty majesty would not be welcomed in a suitable and christianlike manner. Come on, and don't be scared.

Wells, Fargo & Co. received per southern stage last evening from the Northern Belle mine, 3 bars of bullion valued at \$5,164, from the Diana mine 2 bars valued at \$2,000 from Columbus, 2 bars, valued at \$2,212. Total \$9,376.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH (Episcopal).—Services at 11 o'clock in the morning and at 7:30 in the evening. Sunday school immediately after morning service. H. L. FOOTE, Rector.

German Lutheran services will be held at the Presbyterian Church this afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. Adolph Geyer, pastor. All are cordially invited to attend.

The Swift engine was out yesterday afternoon wetting down the streets. As usual a large crowd of idlers stood around watching how the thing was done.

Sage hens and grouse are becoming a drug in the market. Everybody buys and eats 'em. Cheaper than beef.

Services in the Presbyterian Church to-day at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:15 P. M.

The State Fair at Reno, the terminus or beginning of the direct railroad (?) opens tomorrow.

The Washington Guards, led by an excellent band, paraded our streets yesterday afternoon.

CONGRESS will meet to-morrow. There will be a good deal of draft in the chambers of the two houses. Hayes will blow hot and blow cold in each. His policy will be swept out, before the close of the extra session as so much worthless, unavailable rubbish. Nobody wants a party-killer, and nobody will own him as his friend.

## MASON & CO.,

IN CORBETT BLOCK,

NORTH CARSON STREET,

CARSON CITY, NEVADA.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES,

Provisions,

Crockery,

Glassware,

Tinware,

Canned Fruits,

Butter,

Lard,

Grain,

Coal Oil

AND ALL ARTICLES USUALLY KEPT

—IN A—

FIRST CLASS STORE

Of the kind of mercantile business in which they are engaged

Orders taken and Goods delivered

TO ANY PART OF THE CITY FREE OF CHARGE

Carson, May 5, 1876.

MASON & CO.

FRISBIE'S RESTAURANT.

HAVING BOUGHT THE above named Restaurant of Mrs. M. A. Frisbie, the undersigned solicits the patronage of the public.

The Restaurant has been Renovated and Furnished in a new and elegant style, and no pains will be spared to make it in all respects a First Class Restaurant.

The Table will be provided with all the Delicacies of the Season.

OPEN ALL HOURS, DAY AND NIGHT.

FRANCOIS A. MANNONY, Proprietor. J. CONSTANTIN, Carson, September 30, 1877.

J. IVANCOVICH

DEALER IN

Groceries, Eggs, Oranges, Lemons, Fresh and Dried Fruit,

Pineapples, Cherries, Cocoanuts, Figs, Vegetables,

Bananas, Grapes, Confectionery, Nuts, Fresh Fish,

Et cetera, Et cetera, Et cetera

Fresh Ranch Butter, Tobacco, Cigars, Et cetera, Et cetera, Et cetera

PLACE OF BUSINESS:

No. 3, South Carson street, opposite the Capitol, Carson City, Nev.

my60f J. IVANCOVICH

## NOTICE.

HAVING RENTED THE PIONEER SOAP FACTORY,

I will manufacture the best quality of Chemical Olive Soap, Sal Soda and Washing Powders,

And will supply the public on most reasonable terms.

Carson, September 3, 1877.

J. W. FOX, M. D. J. E. M. SMART, M. D.

DRS. FOX & SMART, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

OFFICE: Waitz's Building, corner of King and Curry streets, Carson City, Nevada.

Office Hours: From 12 M. to 3 P. M. au21

## \$5 REWARD

WILL BE PAID TO THE PERSON finding a Gold and Coral Breast Pin, and leaving it at this office, oct2m

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Great Reduction in Prices, owing to the decline in the Eastern Market.

## E. B. RAIL,

OPPOSITE CAPITOL BUILDING, CARSON,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE AND Retail Dealer in

## HARDWARE,

Iron,	Steel,	Coal,	Rope,
Powder,	Shot,	Fuse,	Wedges,
Axes,	Saws,	Caps,	Siccles,
Anvils,	Vises,	Bulldozers,	Lace Leather,

## GLASS AND CROCKERY WARE,

Bar Fixtures, China Sets, Lamps, Chandeliers, Mirrors, Lanterns, Etc., Etc., Etc.,

## Agricultural Implements,

Plows, Harrows, Gang Plows, Reapers, Mowers, Cultivators, Etc., Etc., Wheat Blades,

## Paints, Oils and Brushes,

Coal Oil, Paint Oil, Turpentine, Varnish, White Lead, Rubber Paint, Chemical Paint, Lead Oil, Machine, Castor, Neats Foot Oil, Alcohol, Etc., Etc.,

## STOVES, RANGES, TINWARE.

Medallion and Laurel Ranges, Buck's and other Brands of Stoves.

Pumps, Hose and Pipe, Doors, Windows, Blinds and Glass, Wood and Willow Ware, Bird Cages, Pistols, Guns, Cartridge Water, Gas and Lead Pipe

## House Furnishing Goods.

Brass and Steam Goods.

Practical Plumbers and Tinsmiths to do roofing and manufacturing of all kinds Tin and Iron Ware

Call and Get Prices—Cheap for Cash.

an20m E. B. RAIL.

THE ONLY ONE PRICE STORE IN TOWN!

## FRANK BOSKOWITZ

DEALER IN

MEN'S AND BOYS'

## CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

Hats and Caps,

Boots and Shoes,

Trunks, Valises,

Blankets, Mattresses,

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.,

COUNTY BUILDING.

CARSON CITY, NEVADA

## CAPITOL STORE,

CORNER KING AND ORMSBY STREETS,

CARSON CITY,

## CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

Flour, Feed, Hams,

Bacon, Butter, Lard,

Sugar, Teas, Coffee,

Choice Liquors,

Pure Brandy & Wines

Old Valley Whisky.

## Cigars & Tobacco

HARDWARE, CROCKERY, PAINTS AND OILS.

A FULL LINE OF

## HOUSEKEEPING GOODS

Always on hand and delivered free of charge.

CALL AND SEE US.

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## Carson Water Works.

THE RESERVOIRS OF THIS COMPANY are supplied with water from

NEVER FAILING SPRINGS,

Which flow from the Sierra Nevada. By analysis this water is shown to be perfectly free from all impurities. The mains of this company having been laid in all the principal streets of the city, the

Water is Rendered Available to All within the City Limits.

Families, hotels, bars, stables, etc., supplied on favorable terms.

CARSON WATER COMPANY.

Office in Ormsby House Block, Carson street. sp3